

The average daily circulation of the  
Barre Daily Times for the week ending  
Saturday was

4,615

copies, the largest paid circulation of  
any daily paper in this section.

Many a good start ends with a poor  
finish.

The churches also have their day of  
reckoning to-day.

It was also on this day that the Emancipation  
Proclamation went into effect,  
45 years ago.

Secretary Taft will not be stranger  
in Vermont by any means when he  
comes next March.

A writer in the *Hardwick Gazette* recently made a good point in the comparison of Vermont's and Massachusetts' outputs of granite in the following: "From 1902 to 1906 Vermont's granite output for monumental purposes has increased 91 per cent., while Massachusetts, its closest competitor, shows only 25 per cent. increase. When it is remembered that the Vermont granite industry is still in its infancy, the citizens of the 'Green Mountain State' have every reason to feel proud of this gigantic growth. It is also well to remember in considering these figures that the Vermont output is considerably under-rated along the lines of monumental work, as the report in question gives the finished value of the monumental work produced in 1906 in Vermont as only \$451,222, whereas, it is well known that our sister city of Barre has payrolls amounting to more than a million dollars a year, so it would either seem that the Barre manufacturers are selling their goods at half price, or that they have failed to make returns to the United States Geological Survey of the information requested as to their output."

**VERMONT CIDER DRINKERS.**  
The Boston Herald lays the Sutton murder and subsequent suicide of the murderer to hard cider, saying that "of all the hard drinks cider appears to be fraught with the most peril, chiefly for the reason that the drinking of it is reckoned a legitimate indulgence in rural communities from which rum and whiskey are banished as the only real vipers." Theoretically, there may be some basis for the contemporary solution of the Sutton murder, view as the country sections are viewed by the average metropolitan newspaper. Hard cider is fancifully supposed to be the chief drink of the country, by necessity, if not by choice; and Vermonters are often times painted as great consumers of the fruit of the apple. But actually, hard cider is no more frequently used as a beverage than whiskey in the country districts of the state, tradition to the contrary, notwithstanding. One picture may be no better than the other, but if the country sections are to be painted at all, they may as well be painted accurately.

#### OPEN SECTIONS ON SLEEPING CARS.

It is a matter for regret that the Wisconsin law, giving to occupants of lower berths in Pullman cars the right to have the whole section open when the upper is unoccupied, has been declared unconstitutional on the ground that it takes away from the property-owner the dominion over his possessions. Sleeping car berths at best are miserably poor accommodations on American trains, the occupants being cramped and crowded into a mere cubby-hole with a curtain in front, under most unwholesome conditions. If the upper berths are unoccupied, there is really nothing to prevent the whole section being opened up, unless it be the cupidry of the sleeping car company for the money they expect from persons who charter a whole section and thus get more freedom. It



## On JANUARY 1st, 1908

We make a change in our business methods. A change from a credit to a Cash Business. This means—all goods to be paid for when sold; one price to all and the best goods to be had at the least possible price. We shall give Register Checks with every sale and for every \$10.00 worth of checks returned we give 50 cents in trade.

### NOW THEN:

We've got too many Suits and Overcoats on hand for this time of the year.

We've decided to put 100 of each on the firing line, where you can pick them off at cost and sometimes less.

All this Season's Goods. All worth from 25 to 50 per cent more than we now ask for them.

Sale begins THURSDAY JAN. 2 and ends JAN. 31st.

Goods exchanged or money returned on any unsatisfactory purchase.

F. H. ROGERS, & CO., BARRE, VT.



would not, of course, be expected that sections would be thrown open to occupants of lower berths only after the chance for the sale of the upper berths had passed and the likelihood of their use rendered out of the question. The Wisconsin law appeared like a step in the right direction, and reasonable, too.

#### CURRENT COMMENT.

##### Plans for the Next Census.

The next census will be the thirteenth taken since the establishment of the constitution, and while it will be more than a simple enumeration, its scope is not likely to err in the direction of time consuming investigations. A short and accurate census is the desideratum which Congress will be likely to keep in mind, completed in time to enable the congressional appointment to be promptly made. While the political importance of the census, as the basis for the distribution of seats in Congress among the states is great, that is only one of the features of the decennial enumeration to the public at large. It has a sociological value by its revelation of changing conditions. Causes operating to check rapidity of increase of population are pretty plainly indicated by the results of the enumeration, and it will not surprise those who business is actual in the coming enumeration shall show that in spite of the great prosperity we have enjoyed in the decade the rate of gain in decennial periods exhibits an increasing tendency to decline.

In the earlier days of the country the population increased at a rate of more than thirty per cent. every ten years. The census of 1890 gave a total of 5,308,482 inhabitants for the whole United States, while in 1810 the population was found to be 7,339,821. The census of 1820 showed a gain of 33 per cent. over that of 1810. The rate was pretty evenly maintained until 1850. The census of that year reflected the great leap in immigration in the forties, and the total population exhibited a gain of nearly 30 per cent. as compared with the preceding enumeration.

The first census in fact in which the decennial rate of increase showed a sharp falling off was that of 1870. Between 1860 and 1870, the population, owing to the Civil war, gained only about 700,000 per annum, and the percentage increase rate for the census was but little more than twenty-three per cent. This census, however, has been considerably distorted. Conditions in many parts of the country were so unsettled that the restoration of the census series really came in 1880. In 1880 the census results again bore testimony to a declining rate of increase, the gain being twenty-four per cent. The rate fell a little lower for the next ten years, the increase from 1890 to 1900 being rather more than 14,000,000 on a population found at the earlier date to be 62,922,250. Close observers of economic conditions incline to the belief that when the

census bureau shall have completed its work for 1910, it will be found that the population of the continental United States will be between 91,000,000 and 92,000,000 souls. This would show an increase for the period covered of little more than twenty per cent. Whether this tendency is due to what President Roosevelt calls race suicide, or to what others denigrate the conservative influence of economic conditions, its existence is so well established that statisticians reckon it a factor in all their calculations. The days of simple living were those most favorable to large families and a correspondingly rapid increase of the population from census to census.

#### JINGLES AND JESTS

##### Low-Class Food.

"They say that music is the food of love."  
"Then how would you classify ragtime?"  
"As hash."—Louisville Courier-Journal

##### A Good Excuse.

"Our new maid put wine glasses on the breakfast table."  
"Did your wife reproach her?"  
"No, we don't want to hurt her feelings, so we have wine every morning for breakfast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

##### The True Version.

The king was in his counting house  
Groaning at the ticker,  
The queen was in the kitchen  
Tearing at her skirt,  
The maid was still in Ireland  
Hanging out her clothes,  
And this is the true version,  
As everybody knows.

##### Wanted a National Song.

(Regards to Mr. Gilbert.)

A King who is pestered with cares  
And spends his life trying to can them,  
May shoulder with dread, as Sir William said,  
At "that bugle, the National Anthem."  
But the case is as bad, every bit,  
For the uncrowned American elf,  
He justly complains  
Of the dolor and care  
In the ludicrous strains of  
Our national air.

As a national hymn the worst of the lot;  
The words are hot air and the music is rot.  
The rhymes aren't bad, and the lines  
May be scanned by a very good scanner;  
But the music! Good Lord, we are  
Saddened and bored  
By the dismal "Star Spangled Banner."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,"  
As a national tune is less fearful;  
"Yankee Doodle" is bad, "Hail Columbia" is glad,  
And "America" seems rather cheerful—  
But the "Star Spangled Banner" is a dirge.  
A dirge, a dirge, a dirge, a dirge,  
Its cadence dismal  
Will drive you to booze;  
Its bathos abysmal  
Will bring on the blues,  
And this is the requiem played everywhere,  
For Government says it's the national air.

Oh, give us a national song  
In a less hypocritical manner!  
"Oh, say, can you see" any chance to be free  
Of the weepy old "Star Spangled Banner!"

—Puck.

##### The Qualification.

I hunted for eleven weeks,  
(Well, more or less)  
I climbed o'er twenty-seven peaks,  
(Well, more or less)  
Now listen to my thrilling tale,  
And do not dare to doubt or rail,  
I killed just seven hundred quail—  
(Well, more or less).

I ate two hundred at my meals,  
(Well, more or less)  
Till I was qual from qual to qual,  
(Well, more or less)  
And then, of course, it seems quite queer,  
But strictly true each statement here,  
I shot well-nigh five hundred deer—  
(Well, more or less).

Of birds and beasts I got most tired,  
(Well, more or less)

And fish I ever had admired,  
(Well, more or less)  
So then I wandered all about,  
And caught—there's not the slightest doubt—  
Exactly one round thousand trout—  
(Well, more or less!)  
—Town Topics.

##### Spurred Swimmers.

"Kenneth Melrose was the greatest swimmer I ever saw in the water," one of the old members of the Olympic club boasted. "Why, he could swim rings around any of these young fellows we have here to-day."

"But could he swim far?" ventured Andy Glamer.

"Far? Why Kenneth Melrose wouldn't have thought a thing of swimming to the Farallones."

"To the Farallones? Nearly twenty miles to sea. Did he do it much?"

"Not much."

"And he wasn't afraid?"

"No, but 'A' was mighty dangerous in these days to swim out beyond the Seal rocks. The sea lions were wilder than they are now and fierce. They'd pursue a swimmer in packs, harbing and snapping at him. Swimmers used to wear spurs to keep 'em off. But they never once got near enough to Kenneth Melrose to bite him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

##### No Trouble at All.

One day last summer a German entered the establishment of a photographer in a Southern town, and after several glances about the place, observed mournfully that the photographer did not seem to have the properties essential to the taking of a picture he desired.

"I should like a picture of myself veeping in people's eyes," he said.

"Maybe you fix a grate here in de shop for me?"

"I am afraid I haven't the necessary accessories," said the photographer. Then with an attempt at facetiousness, he suggested: "Couldn't we arrange to have the portrait made at the grave it self?"

"Dat's in Pennsylvania," sighed the German. "It would be too expensive to go there. Youd you fix up some kind of a grate here in de shop. I could weep on dat. It's no trouble for me to weep anymore."—Harper's Weekly.

##### Stringency and Society.

Kate Jackson planned a brilliant ball of myriad maids and lads.

And lovely favors for them all—  
(Old Jackson had the seeds).

"The men will bring you, girls," she said—

Now William Spinks loved Susie White  
With all his soul and mind;  
Yet when he got Kate's kind invite,  
He must—and then declined.

"I'm broke," moaned he. "I can't take her."  
With earriages Three Dollars per."

Four doors away lived Peter Huff  
Who worshipped Betty Betts;  
But when he figured on his cuff,  
He too, sent in regrets.

"Dodgast," cried he, "that costly hack  
Shall want to fetch her there and back!"

Likewise John, Fred and Eddie Tugg,  
And Dan and Dicky Dove,  
Who loved Ruth, May and Elsie Hugg,  
And Jane and Sophy Love.

They drove, they drove, they drove,  
We'd take 'em—but they will not walk!"

And so it chanced that, one by one,  
From Col. to Little Rigs,  
The young men being short of mon.,  
Mailed in their sad regrets;

They had no cash in hoarded socks  
To dig three backs to ride three blocks.

So when Katie's ball night came—(it rube  
To tell such things in pomes)—  
The gentlemen were at their clubs,  
The girls because of economic lag,  
Lame men, though poor, too proud to tag.

Pa Jackson, Mother J. and Kate  
Were much surprised, I own,  
When, though they sat up good and late,  
They found no one to come.

"They had the floor—alone."  
At 12: "We are the ball," they said,  
And ate the grub and went to bed.  
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

##### The Family Jar.

"The body of the late Major Jinks was cremated."

"What they got to do with it?"

"His widow has him corked up in a fruit jar. Says it's the last of the family jars."—Atlanta Constitution.

#### TOKYO'S SLUMS.

Worse Than the Worst in Paris, London or New York.

Tokyo has slums whose poverty reaches the last depth of human degradation. Below the cellars of Paris, the alleys of London and the crowded slums of the New York east side, the Japanese capital reveals a lower gulf. It is a region that no ray lights. Your moldy man of Paris and your 'boozie' of London do have at times fierce joys and moments of acid pleasure, but the microscopic intensity of the distress in the Shitaya quarter of Tokyo bars out all hope. Tokyo has far too many poor people, and their disposition is a pressing problem. Thousands are shipped to Korea and Formosa, but the pressure steadily increases owing to the constant migration of ambitious Japanese from the provinces to the capital city.

Japan carefully avoids all public reference to these great scores on its body politic. Their existence is hidden from the foreign visitor. Barely does a tourist see the slums, and specialists studying the city for precise information are sedulously kept out of the poorest quarters. Japan is so skillful by press agentry that the existence of these miserable purities is not even suspected by the average student of conditions. It is a journalistic rule in Japan not to say anything that betrays weakness in the life of the people, and it is a rule generally observed. But there are writers in Japan who think that in adopting the civilization of the occident the republican form of government should also have been imported, and these give the ministry trouble at times by telling plain, unpalatable truths. The Kokumin newspaper detailed a representative to live the life of the lowest and poorest in Tokyo, and his articles dealing with life in the Shitaya district created an immense sensation. When translated into English in pamphlet form the government promptly bought up the entire edition and destroyed the plates.

—Walter J. Kingsley in World's Work.

#### LIKE HUMAN CORKS

How the Water in Great Salt Lake Treats the Bathers.

Bathing in Great Salt Lake is a unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated. The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are not afloat. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a corking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjective. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals. Only a strong shower bath or fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into condition to dress.—Travel Magazine.

#### THEODORE HOOK.

Stories of the Greatest Practical Joker of His Day.

Of the list of geniuses the name of Theodore Hook is near the top. At sixteen he was making a big income and enjoying great popularity. His name was blazoned in the papers as a prodigy, his portraits were in the shop windows, and he had free admission to all theaters and other places of amusement. For years he was a social and literary lion. His last words were: "It is only to the grave that I must be carried. If my poor children were safe I would not care. I am suffering under a constant depression of spirits which no one who sees me in society dreams of."

Hook's practical jokes were the talk of the day. His intimates egged him on continually, and there was nothing he would stop at. One day they pointed out to him as an appropriate specimen for his museum a gilded eagle of enormous dimensions which had just been erected over a grocer's shop. A few weeks afterward while entertaining his country at dinner at one of the old taverns he ordered the "eagle" to be served. To the astonishment of the guests the waiter entered the room staggering under the burden of a dish of unusual size. On uncovering it there was produced the identical eagle which Hook as a practical joke had contrived to carry off. Merely for this sort of fun Hook used to pull off hoodlums and bull-headed, carry away tradesmen's signs, overturn the boxes of sleeping janitors and do other devilment until he had a roomful of household attachments and street ornaments.

One night Hook was passing a great house where there was a reception of the swell of the swells. Dinner had just been announced. He said to the friend accompanying him: "John, I'm going in here to spend the evening. Call for me at 11 o'clock." The friend was horrified. Said he in protest, "You do not know these grand people, and you are not an invited guest." "That's all right. Call for me at 11." Knocking at the door, he gave his hat confidently to the lackey and was ushered upstairs. Entering the drawing room, he affected at first to have discovered his mistake and poured such salutes of wit that the host and hostess actually pressed him to stay for dinner.

At 11 o'clock, when his friend called, not knowing whether he would find Hook at the reception or in the lock-up, he was more than astounded on entering the drawing room to see Hook seated at the piano delivering some extemporaneous poetry to a levy of the fairest women in the gathering. Perceiving the entrance of this friend, the practical joker, who had not hitherto divulged his name, arose and said:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare. Your cellar's as good as your cook. My friend's Mr. Terry, the player. And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

The king, being present and full of enjoyment, took a great fancy to Hook and immediately appointed him treasurer to the island of the Mauritius with a salary of \$10,000 a year.—New York Press.

#### SELECTED HIS OWN GRAVE.

Dead Shot Bill Found the Marshal Was Not to Be Bluffed.

When Dead Shot Bill rode into Hays City one day in the early seventies with his hat pulled down over his eyes and a hard look around his mouth those who knew him said that he had come for blood. He had not, however. He had come to have an understanding with Dave Mills, who had lately been appointed city marshal. Bill sat on his horse in front of the Star saloon until Dave came along, and when they had saluted each other and shaken hands he said, "Dave, what about this city marshal business?" "I'm gold to keep order," was the reply. "No more shootin' up the town?" "No more, Bill." "You'll stop it?" "I will."

"Say, Dave, you can't do it. You are a good man, but you jess can't do it. I'm comin' in tomorrow to capture the town." "Don't try it on, Bill." "But I shall, Dave." "Ever you got a few minks to spare?" asked Dave as he gave a hitch to his gun. "A hul hour. What's wanted?" "Come over to the graveyard, Bill, and select your last restin' place. It's fillin' up purty fast, but they've got a few choice spots left." They went over the creek to Boot hill, the three here set out aside for the dead, and as Bill got off his horse Dave waved his hand and said, "Take your pick and I'll put a Chinaman at work diggin' the grave."

Bill walked over the ground and finally selected a sunny spot on the south side of a knoll and said it would do. The city marshal called to a Chinaman who was passing and ordered him to get a shovel and dig a hole, and then he turned to Bill with, "Waal, at what time tomorrow can I expect you?" "About noon, Dave." "Sure to come!" "Dead sure. I never disappoint an audience, you know." "I'll be ready. Goodby, Bill." "So long, Dave." At 11:55 o'clock next day Dead Shot Bill came into Hays City with a whoop and a yell, his broncho on a dead run and a gun in either hand. At 12:05 he was lying dead in front of the Wild West saloon, and at 12:45 the inquest had been concluded and he was occupying the grave he had selected. The city marshal had downed him, and the verdict of the jury was, "We are kinder sorry for the deceased, but it was all right and according to Hoyle."—Denver Field and Farm.

#### Not Quite Clear.

A well known clergyman of Boston was once talking to some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas in the form of written statements, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive.

"For instance," said the speaker, "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows:

"The funeral of the late and much lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock."

"Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at 11 o'clock."—Lippincott's.

## Barre Savings Bank and Trust Company

BOLSTER BLOCK, - - - BARRE VERMONT

Four Per Cent Interest paid  
on Savings Accounts, credited  
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